



stomach was withdrawn across the river to its old cantonments, with an intact organization and full of the discipline and spirit which enabled it to render such heroic service until the

close of the war, notwithstanding the incapable handling to which it was subjected.

WM. TISDALE.

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HOW COLUMBUS WAS 'WRECKED.

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And How He Was Treated by the Aborigines.

From the *Clarion*.

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Spaniards, and sent numbers of the light-hearted people to welcome them and bring them gifts of every sort. Their enthusiasm was unbounded, their generosity unstinted. The land was gay with festivities, the sea swarmed with canoes. On nearing the caravels the Indians that crowded them stood up, tendering them all kinds of offerings with expressions of the warmest affection.

Beholding all this enthusiasm, Columbus dis-

Beholding all this enthusiasm, Columbus dispatched a formal embassy to Guacanagari, and on hearing their report he determined, despite the prevailing land breeze, to weigh anchor and sail to the dominions of his kings, which were but five leagues distant. He set out at daybreak, and in the afternoon of the same day made during all that day. The night came, Christmas Eve, and Columbus determined to tarry until the morning, in order to enjoy the comfort of his own crew, by enjoying a sound sleep. He retired, worn out by three nights of vigil following three days of heroic exertion, and in the morning, on the discovery of that new world whose very existence had been denied, the endless upspringing of the human empire, and the nature by such mysterious truth and soon to be revealed the fold of civilization and Christianity, must have filled his mind with happy dreams of his own life. It was midnight, when the echoes of children and of the voices of men, and of slumbering ear. The heavens smiled and the sea was calm. The sailors slept soundly, surrounded by the soft and fragrant breeze, preceded by the little fleet of ships and culminated by Columbus to the Indian king. A ship's boy held the helm, so assured were they all of the triumph of the expedition, that they followed their course—when the flagship suddenly struck upon a sunken reef. Columbus instantly dismissed his peril and hurried on deck. With lightning speed he ordered the crew to leave the mast and throw the cargo overboard. But

the remedy was futile, it was no more stranding the ship on the deserted shore of the Pinta and the loss of the Santa Maria only the smallest and fruitless of the three caravels that sailed on the day of the disaster. The captain of the board the Nina and sent a fresh embassy to Gonsalves, giving an account of the disaster, and asking for aid. He was told that the chief learned the misfortune he sought in every way to alleviate it, indicating neither means nor means of escape. He was told that the chief, such superstitions, races, was content with his property and success of the supernatural, with showed how he was overcome a wreck, which showed how he was overcome a wreck, which things and bows us all to its sovereign power. In the sentiment of hospitality was uppermost in the mind of the captain of the Pinta, and the arch. All the precaution needed in that and hour, and all requisite for the future, were taken. The salvage of the wreck was piled on shore, under the chief's orders, securing the goods and the cargo. The cargo was their own. The cargo was rapidly discharged and stored in a place of safety, without the loss of a grain for the Pinta's crew.

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remedy was futile; it was no more afrandoing the wreck than the wreck was doing the land. And the loss of the Santa Maria only the smallest and fruitless of the three caravels that had set sail from Palos remained. He went on to the shore and sent a fresh courier to Guacanagari, giving an account of the disaster, while he stood off and on till day broke. When that failed, he sent the unfortunate he sought in every way to allay it. He carried no more sacrifice. Disastrous indeed it was to face such superstitious races, who confided in the gods and magic, and who, when they saw the slender remnants of such a wreck, which showed how the sea overcomes all created things and bows us all to its sovereign power, believed that the gods were angry with them in that faithful tribe and in their kindly monarch. All the succor needed in that sad hour, and the only aid, was the food and shelter given to the sufferers by the friendly natives. The salvage of the wreck was piled on shore and under the chief's orders, occupying the day and night of the natives and their own. The cargo was rapidly discharged and stored in a place of safety, without the loss of a pin's point.

Written for The Evening Star.
Delltescent.

The laughing brook, whose ripples gleam
In music through the field,
And the glad bird, that sings its song
Dark mysteries unavail.

The timid flower, frail and fair—
A kiss of nature born,
Conceals beneath its blushes rare
The unknown, deadly thorn.

The happy smile, the cheerful word,
Are but the rippling gleam
Of tears unseen and grief unheard
Of life's swift stream.

September 5, 1922. BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.

The Private Soldier.

From the Private Soldier.
The private soldier deserves some public recognition. He is the very backbone of his loyalty and courage. The parks and public squares of our city bear the names of distinguished leaders of the army and navy and elaborate statues in bronze and marble will carry their name and fame down to future ages. There is a glamor surrounding military men who wear stars and gold lace on their uniforms that is not accorded to the private soldier in regulation blue blouse. But there can be little dispute as to whom the country is most indebted for its victories on land and sea. During the long wars of the Union the private rank and file bravely withstood the shock of battle and bore the heat and burden of sieges and marches. They were the men who fought on campaigns, in rain and sleet and mud, and at night they slept on the damp ground with the sky alone for a covering. They formed the skirmish line, they were the men who were shot or bayonet charged the enemy in the fiercest conflicts, while their comrades were falling about like wheat before the scythe. When the leaden hail from rifle pits cut down their courage was attested in every engagement from the beginning to the close of the rebellion. They were the men who fought bravely at Little Rock and Camden, with Thomas at Chickamauga, with Sheridan in the Shenandoah, with Sherman in his march to the sea, with Grant at Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg and Appomattox—through all the private soldiers of the Union. They were the men who nobly as their commanders. Shall we not give them equal recognition? By the memories of their hardships in camp and field and prison pen, by the long marches and the hardships who strive to join the reunion this year at the national capital let us do an act of justice by erecting here a monument to their valor and loyalty. Let us erect a statue to the private soldier and a subscription for the purpose. The response would be liberal and a fund could soon be raised to erect a suitable monument to perpetuate their service and gallantry. Shall we be less grateful to our defenders than ancient Hellas? Greece was saved by the brave 300 soldiers of the Theban band who stood at the bones of those who fell at this fatal moment place was erected a monument with the inscription, "We lie here in obedience to our country." May the same spirit be shown to the private soldier in the war for the Union gave their lives for the same purpose. They were the very flower of the nation and the backbone of the army and college for pay or for a commission. The unsoldierly patriotism has set its seal upon their motives and embalméd their memory in the hearts of the people. They were the men who were well educated and fitted to command. Those who escaped the perils of disease and death returned to prove their manhood in the peaceful life of the citizen and to be good citizens. They have taken a conspicuous part in public affairs and filled every situation that required the services of a man who could be worthy of their services and as enduring as brass. Shall it be a lofty, imposing arch, spanning an immemorial avenue at Market place? I would not have a statue erected in the city, construction, embracing emblematic representations of every rank and grade of the service, and the private soldier in the center. I would place the private soldier in blue, to whom Columbia is directing the admiring gaze of the people, in the group as with one hand he holds the torch of peace and with the other and with the other points to the legend, "All our victories are owed to them."

MISTRESS AND MAID.	FROM COLONEL TO PRIVATE.
A Slaveholder's Daughter Becomes Seam-	An Incident of Military Service During

<p>MISTRESS AND MAID.</p>	<p>FROM COLONEL TO PRIVATE.</p>
<p>A Slaveholder's Daughter Becomes Seamstress for Her Former Servant.</p> <p>There are two women in San Francisco who can tell a story of ups and downs that would astonish a novelist. One of them lives out on Noe street. She is a refined, well-educated woman, with a pretty way of murdering her r's that betrays her southern origin. She is a widow, and she lives with her mother in a house that shows unmistakable signs of penny and want. She goes out to sew by the day, and she manages to make just enough money to keep the breath of life in her old mother, and to purchase a few poor comforts to warm the chill of age. Yet this woman, once the mistress of a splendid home. She dispensed the open-handed hospitality of the old south.</p>	<p>An Incident of Military Service During Late Unpleasantness.</p> <p>Gen. H. S. Greenleaf, a member of Congress from New York, told the following story <i>Pittsburg Dispatch</i> man:</p> <p>"In the fall of 1862, when Lincoln called 300,000 more men, we in Franklin county Mass. hurried to get a regiment. I was an officer in the militia, and it happened to be the first person in Sherburne to sign the enlistment roll. When several companies were nearly full Gen. Andrew asked our request that we might select all of our officers—not only those of the line, through them, the field officers also. We organized war meetings and stumped northern counties, and soon the regi-</p>

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band three children. The Montgomery family came the way. The rest of the south. They lost all their property, they were compelled to give up their home and finally all the slaves were gone. Miss Montgomery's maid and her daughter were sold to the sea and the woman went out to work by the day. I don't know where her husband was. Early in the beginning of the great struggle he had been sold to a Col. Wilson, who went away with him she knew not where. She was left alone with her children, could, trying to gain a living for her children. Finally she drifted westward. She lived for several years in Salt Lake City. All the time she was struggling with her husband and her children. She knew that he had killed her. Wilson, Bristol Wilson, after his new master,

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and she knew that Col. Wilson came to the rescue.

One day she heard that he was in San Francisco. She wrote to him. He was delighted to get a trace of his wife and family and at once wrote her back. When she arrived she found that her husband was still in the city.

At the close of the war his master set him free and he managed to accumulate quite a little sum of money. This was only a few years ago that he was married and he and his wife and her husband met and found themselves free and prosperous. They bought a pretty little home out on Guerrero street and there they were living happily ever after.

He had become of the Montgomerys and Mrs. Wilson never forgot her young mistress.

About two years ago Mrs. Wilson wanted some sewing done. She was offered for a woman to come and sew by the day.

Her old exor answered the advertisement.

She was no longer the pretty, light-hearted girl. She was married, had a family, and was Mrs. Sweeney. She was a woman pale from overwork and anxiety and the two women did not recognize each other.

Mrs. Sweeney was surprised to find that the old maid was a beautiful woman, but she worked steadily away and said nothing. One day Mrs. Wilson was in a chatty mood, and the two women talked over the days before the war.

Then the truth came out. The Montgomeries had been ruined by the war, and they had come west to try and recruit their shattered fortunes. They failed miserably. Mother and daughter hung together and fought fate with failing courage.

Now the daughter is sewing by the day for the woman she once owned, and she is paid for the work she does as well as for the slave of her friends.

overwork and anxiety and the two women did not recognize each other.

Mr. Sweeney was surprised to find that the advertiser was a colored woman, but she worked steadily away and said nothing. One day Mr. Wilson was in a chatty mood, and the two women talked over the days before the war.

Then the truth came out. The Mountgomerys had been slaves, and they had come west to try and recruit their shattered fortunes. They failed miserably. Mother and daughter clung together and fought fate with failing courage.

Now the daughter is sewing by the day for the women she once owned, and she is paid for the work she did when you was once the bond slave of her friends.

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ESTHETIC BIRDS.

♦♦♦

Some of Them Build Playhouses and Adorn Them.

From Chambers's Journal.

The most remarkable instance of æstheticism among birds is that exhibited by the Australian bower birds, who build long galleries in which to play with their wives. Feathers, leaves, bones or any other colored or glittering object which comes in their way. Capt. Stokes described one of these bower birds as taking a shell alternately from each side of the bower and carrying it through in its beak.

Linnthod describes several of these play

vigilant in the service of the regiment, though he is often commanded he is to come forget one chance to see his wife. He tries to be like a brother, and I shall never cease grateful to him."

Written for The Evening Star.

Red Mars.

What means the dery digital drum
Each night upon the sky,
As if some flaming torch were dragging
By some red hand on high
Mid all the crowding splendours there,
Red Mars how rules the midnight air.

As if some captain of the host,
His plume now full in view,
Signalled of battle and of loss,
Upon those fields of mine
And the deep stillness of the night,
The calm before or since the fight.

Is it the portent red afar
Of some dread scorch below,
Where mortals meet in strife and war,
And danger rages and doth roar?

As late before our wondering eyes,
Red anarchy would dare to rise.

But surely upon flaming orb on high,
Red Mars upon his path,
Will wave upon the midnight sky,
Nor signal more of wrath—
And even now, in freedom's fight,
The spirit dard withdraws its hand.

ESTHETIC BIRDS.

Some of Them Build Playhouses and Adorn Them.

From Chamber's Journal.

The most remarkable instance of æstheticism among birds is that exhibited by the Australian bow-wow birds, who build long galleries, in which to play, adorning the shells, feathers, flowers, leaves, bones or any other colored or glittering object which comes in their way. Capt. Skotes described one of these bow-wow birds as taking a shell alternately from each side of the bow-wow and carrying it through in its beak.

Lunhardt describes several of these play houses among the bow-wow birds. He says they are always to be found in the brush woods, or in the open field, and in their immediate vicinity the bird collects a mass of different kinds of objects, especially snail shells, which are laid in two heaps, one at each entrance—the one being always the larger than the other. There are frequently hundreds of these, about 300 in one heap and thirty in the other. There is usually a handful of green berries partly inside and partly outside the entrance.

In his interesting book, "Among Cannibals," Lunhardt describes a playground of what would appear to be a different species of this bird, showing even a greater æsthetic taste. He says: "On the top of the mountain I heard in the dense scrub the loud and unceasing voice of the white-winged snail-eater. I saw many of them. Like white-winged snail-eaters they may not be

power birds. He says they are always to be found in small brushwood cover in the open field, and in their immediate vicinity the bird collects a mass of different kinds of objects, especially snail shells, which are laid in two heaps, one at each entrance—the one being always larger than the other. There are frequently hundreds of these, about the size of a hen's egg, and each heap and thirty in the one. There is usually a handful of green berries partly inside and partly outside the heap.

In his interesting book, "Among Cannibals," Lummholtz describes a playground of what would appear to be a different species of this bird, showing even more of the same habits. He says: "On the top of the mountain I heard in the dense scrubs the loud and unceasing voice of the bird, and I went down to look for it. I found it on the ground and shot it. It was one of the bower birds, with a grey and very modest plumage. I held it up to the light, and I saw that the bird my attention had drawn to the blackish covering of green leaves on the black soil. This was the bird's place of amusement, which, I found, it had made by tearing up the leaves of the grass and the weeds, and spreading them all over the ground, the ground having been cleared of leaves and rubbish."

"On this neatly cleared spot the bird had laid large fresh snail shells, and the side of the other, with considerable regularity, and close by he sat singing, apparently extremely happy over his work. As soon as the leaves decay they are replaced by new ones. On this excursion I saw three such places of amusement all near each other, and all had fresh leaves from the same garden."

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The Hygiene of the Leaf, Aug. 10, 1896.
From the London Lancet.

The value of preventive measures against

ground and shot it. It was one of the bower birds, with a gray and very modest plumage and of a size about that of a sparrow. As I picked up the bird my attention was drawn to the fresh covering of green leaves on the black soil. This was the bird's place of amusement, which, beneath the leaves, was a mass of mud about a yard each way, the ground having been cleared of leaves and rubbish.

On this neatly cleared spot the bird had laid large, fresh leaves, one by the side of the other, with considerable regularity, and close by he sat singing, apparently extremely happy over his work. I was on the leaves, as I have said, they are replaced by new ones. On this excursion I saw three such places of amusement all near each other, and all had fresh leaves from the same kind of tree, while a large heap of dry, withered leaves was lying close by. It seems that the bird scrapes away the mold and rubbish, and then covers the spot with a dark background, against which the green leaves make a better appearance. Can any one doubt that this bird has the sense of beauty?"

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The Inner Moon of Mars.
From the Scientific American.

Phobos, the inner moon of Mars, having a diameter of about eight miles, is of a size easily comparable with the earth and objects upon the earth's surface. The circumstances of its being respectively almost exactly one-fourth the width of the earth's diameter and circumference.

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The Hygiene of the Teeth.
From the London Lancet.

The value of preventive measures against the attacks of tooth-ache has been insisted upon, and one class of causes of these measures are to a great extent within control of the individual in regard to teeth. All caries of the teeth begin from outside, no such thing as internal caries has ever been demonstrated; hence if the surface could be kept absolutely clean no decay could take place, however the texture of the teeth. This is, of course, impossible, much toward such a desirable end can be attained by attention to hygienic rules.

Parents often ask their dentists and attendants to clean their teeth, and say, "When ought teeth to be cleaned?" The answer is: "As soon as there are teeth.

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Phobos, the inner moon of Mars, having a diameter of about eight miles, is of a size easily comparable with the earth and objects upon the earth's surface. The circumstances being respectively almost exactly the same, the size of the earth's diameter and circumference.

Let us suppose everything on the surface of the earth to be reproduced on the surface of Phobos, and the result would be as follows, etc., all reduced in size proportionately. It would be only necessary to divide by 1,000 the dimensions as modeled on a Phobian scale. Thus a man six feet high would, on this scale, stand 0.006 inch of our measure on Phobos, and being four feet from the surface of the earth we should have to look for an oval object about 0.022 inch diameter in its longest dimension, as seen from the earth. To see this object, a good magnifying glass would be needed to determine the real character of the mere speck that would be visible to an unaided human eye at such a distance. From the surface, on the surface, on which it would be seen to crawl with a

Let it suppose everything on the surface of Phobos to be reproduced on the surface of the Ethiopian mountains, rivers, etc., all reduced in size proportionately. It would be only necessary to divide by 1,000 the dimensions of the Ethiopian mountains, rivers, etc. as dimensions as modeled on a Phobian scale. A man six feet high would, on this scale, stand a trifle over six inches high, and leaving a margin of our measure on Phobos, and leaving a margin of our measure to find him we should have to look for an oval object about 0.022 inch diameter in its longest dimension, as a Phobian would appear to us. A good magnifying glass would be needed to determine the real character of the mere speck that would be visible to an unaided human eye. The distance of the Phobian from the earth, on which it would be seen to crawl with a painfully slow motion. A ship of the size of the Great Eastern would be seen to be less than a whale, and a half inch in length would be less than seven and a half inches long. A whale of average size reduced to our Phobian scale would be less than five-eighths of an inch long.

A railway train of ten vestibule cars with locomotive and tender would have a length of about 0.002 of an inch, and its breadth would be represented by a line 0.002 of an inch in thickness.

An early river, two miles in breadth and 100 feet deep, would be reduced to a stream a little more than 10% of our feet in breadth and 1.3 inches in depth. Let this be the Nile, and the Phobian would be a Phobian feet thick and the ice would be as thin as a sheet of drawing paper.

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New Orleans Picayune. From over-education. Try it.